

and executed with the undiminished nicety that characterises his preceding well-known works.

(369) A duplicate of P. Delacoe's "Cromwell looking at the Dead Body of Charles I." It is solemn and grand in its deep tone and full rich sombre colour; but Cromwell is deficient in character.

(433) "L'Allegro," W. D. Kennedy: one of those fanciful and crisply painted anomalies with which the artist of late has been content to delight his admirers: mannered, but, nevertheless, charmingly executed.

Mr. Ansell assists importantly in upholding animal depiction, and invests with sentiment what are poor materials in ordinary hands. (449) "The Rivals," two stags have definitely settled their contention, and lie dead, whilst the hovering bird of prey, heedless of the ennobling cause—love—is about to take advantage of the consequence.

(451) "Jessica and Launcelot," J. Hollins, A. An indiscriminate circumstancing of two carefully-painted interesting personages, the story or subject being delightfully abstruse, were it not for the appended quotation from "The Merchant of Venice," to which the figures have not the most indirect reference. (486) "Abolishah," questionable in drawing, Mr. Armitage, but unquestionable as to taste.

(491) "The Burial of the two Sons of Edward IV. in the Tower, 1483," J. Cross. Studiously wrought, and with many fine passages; but with the "Death-bed Scene of Richard Cœur de Lion" fresh in our memory, the pleasure with which we look on the former is not unminged with disappointment.

In contravention to all the accepted precepts and purposes of art, Mr. J. E. Millais has produced an adaptation from a text from Zechariah, abominably intended to represent "The Holy Family." So much has already been said in censure of the perversion of great ability, here shewn,—the affectation of endeavouring to present nature not as she is usually, but by effecting the most literal depiction of the most ill-adapted models, characterized by, it must be allowed, not singular discrepancies and deformities, and hyperbolizing certain life-like incongruous characteristics, without in the least degree endeavouring to idealize, in order to impress the notion of "truth,"—that further comment would seem ungenerous.

The theory of the newly-constituted school which includes Mr. Millais (the P. R. B.'s as they name themselves), if they would but practise in accordance, is excellent, and might be made productive of most important results, for it is not to be denied that "intention," simplicity, and attention to particular form, are considerations not sufficiently felt in our fine-art world. But this painful display of anatomical knowledge, and studious vulgarity of portraying the youthful Saviour as a red-headed Jew boy, and the sublime personage of the virgin a sore-beeled, ugly, every-day sempstress, will in no way tend to the "consummation so devoutly to be wished." The execution of the objective part of this misconception is unexceptionable—witness the grain in the extraordinary depiction of shavings. If the artist will adhere to this manner, there are other subjects more fitted to his love of, and great power in, imitation, requiring less refinement and appreciation of the lovable. We would suggest "The Pool of Bethesda."

(553) "A Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the persecution of the Druids," W. H. Hunt. Another P.R.B., whose good drawing and other qualifications to become great in his profession are counterbalanced by the plagiarism from the "babies in art" to which they adhere.

The natural pathos and unaffected simple grace of (541) "Baptism in Scotland," J. Phillip, tell to great advantage; and the (525) "Too Truthful," of A. Solomon, charmingly painted,—perhaps a little too funny,—has, nevertheless, a moral and a purpose.

In the octagon room there are fewer good pictures than usual. Messrs. M'Innes, Rankley, Woolnoth, D. W. Deane, and T. F. Marshall, who are buried there, are to be pitied.

(525) "Esther," H. O'Neil, glittering in royal robes, and conspicuous in the room nominally appropriated to architecture, wants the charm, despite the care and study obviously bestowed upon it.

The supremacy of English landscapes is amply sustained by the many exquisite contributions of Creswick, A., Lee, R.A., T. S. Cooper, A., Stanfield, R. A. Linnell (to both of whom we have already referred), Witherington, R.A., Roberts, R.A. (whose cathedral interiors are of a nature too well known to need particularising), F. Danby, A., with his promising sons, J. and T. Danby, with Linton, Harding, the Williamses, Holland, Jutsum, Hering, Goodall, Bentley, Dighton, Bramshire, and many others who have exerted themselves more or less successfully.

(558) "The First Glimpse of the Sea," T. Creswick, A. A perfect triumph in depiction; the presence of the refreshing breeze almost made evident. (289) "In the Forest," and (427) "Old Trees;" nature reflected by the same.

(474) "Christ and the Woman of Samaria;" a poetical application of the superlative qualities of J. Linnell. (527) "San Pietro, near Verona," J. D. Harding. (559) "Lana Scene," North Wales, Danby. (484) "Venice," W. Linton, are amongst those that deserve and attract notice.

In the portrait department, we have, in their zenith, the veteran Pickersgill, R.A.; the powerful limner J. P. Knight, R.A.; the severe and simple Watson Gordon, A.; the elegant free-handed Grant A., whose lady-like female portraiture strongly contrasts with his unfortunate martyrdom of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and the several productions of Baxter, Buckner, Mrs. Carpenter, Lucas, Mogford, Sant Swinton, &c., strengthen this important branch most materially. In the miniature-room Sir W. C. Ross, Messrs. Thornburn, Carrick, Richmond, Hayter, A. E. Chalton, R.A., G. Jones, R.A., F. Cruickshank, and Sir W. Newton, absorb, as is their wont, a considerable share of public interest. The original, poetical, and richly-coloured portraits of Mr. Thornburn, are conspicuous amongst the miniature-paintings. Down stairs there are excellent works in sculpture by Messrs. Bailey, R.A., Macdowell, R.A., Calder, Marshall, A., Wyatt, Westmacott, R.A., Legrew, Miller, Thrupp, and others,—as beautiful and effective as the unpropitious circumstance of their being deposited in a vault will admit of.

LUTON CHURCH AND TOPOGRAPHY.

In your article on Luton Church, you mentioned that it had been one of the finest in the county (Beds.). It may be termed so now on account of its miscellaneous objects of interest, though not its entire architecture. It is certainly considerably the largest, and no known one ever has been larger except the Priory Church of Dunstable, which perhaps may have reached a length, with a Lady Chapel, of 300 feet. Some surprise may be expressed that no attempts have ever been made to trace the eastern foundations of this building, of which the nave and aisles, about 120 feet long, and one of the two western towers, alone remain.

The internal length of Luton Church, without the tower, is 149 feet, and with the latter 174; the breadth at the transept 100 (the same as Stafford, a fine cruciform church), of the nave and aisles 57. I believe the gross length exceeds by about 20 feet that of Hitchin, the largest church except the "Abbey" in Hertfordshire; and with that exception, or a cathedral, of any church in a contiguous county.

Luton Church tower is, as Pennant says, "prettily chequered with flint and stones." There is an excellent view of it, only flattering as to its present condition, in the "Beauties of England and Wales." Its height is 81 feet, with dwarf turrets, which appear to sit upon the angles in a peculiar manner, 8 feet higher: in the centre was a small leaded spire, as at St. Alban's Abbey, which has, I believe, been also removed. If this tower had a defect, it is as at St. Mary's, Cambridge, in a too castellated appearance: it has a good western window, and an arch doorway beneath, charged with roses. On three sides are buttresses of seven stages, exhibiting remains of niches, with a turret staircase on the south-east. The nave arch is a grand one, exhibiting clustered columns, with foliated capitals, but is now blocked up. In the belfry were five large bells, the tenor weighing nearly 50 cwt., which

have been converted into 8, with a tenor of only 20 cwt., a poor change, with a first-bell in one of the turrets.

The principal beauty of the Wenlock Chapel is the double arch, which opens into the chancel, of which there is a specimen in the side Lady Chapel at Ware, lately engraved in *THE BUILDERS*. The arch here is very lofty (as engraved in Lyons); the spandril, and the space below in depth between the pilasters filled with fine tabernacle work, as the wall of the chapel is nearly covered with tracery. There is nothing of the kind in Europe much superior to this double arch. From recollection and my own measurement, the dimensions of this chapel are about 35½ feet by 25 feet, and if it be now choked with pews, it was nearly or quite vacant of any seats twenty-three years back, when the whole church was decently repaired. Beneath the arch is the altar-tomb, with effigy of an ecclesiastic of the Wenlock family, and there are a multitude of tombs and slabs in the church which must be referred for elsewhere. It may be merely mentioned, that in the above chapel is a tomb without inscription, which tradition asserts to have been erected by the townsmen in honour of Anne Boleyn, who passed part of her life at the "Hoo" in this parish. In the east window are considerable remains of painted glass, including a figure of "St. George and the Dragon."

On the south side of the chancel are stone stalls, magnificently ornamented in the spandrels, with the arms of Offa, Wykeham, and Abbot Wheathampstead (of St. Albans), by whom the chancel was erected; also a fine recessed tomb. To the east of Wenlock Chapel is a lower and upper vestry, the roof of the former being groined, and supported by a column in the centre; and there is an eastern aisle to the south transept, called "Hoo Chapel," which, together, give the eastern part of the church an irregular appearance.

The Baptistry is nearly unique, and was made the frontispiece in a work on fonts; the draughtsman who visited the church in 1827 being surprised to find it in such excellent preservation. It is hexagonal, 20 feet high to the top of finial and 9 feet in diameter in the interior, much resembling a conduit or small market cross. It formerly stood at the west end, where the organ loft now is, and was painted blue and gilt, but was removed into the south transept and restored to a white colour in 1826. Over both the porches are apartments, said to have been for the accommodation of the priests. The rectory was valued at 80*l.* per annum in Pope Nicholas's taxation,—a very large sum for that period. The vicarage was formerly rated at 1,500*l.*, and is now at 1,200*l.* per annum.

Luton parish now contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants, about treble the number in 1801, the increase being principally in the town. The straw-plait trade is, happily for the poor, in a pretty good state. Paving has been some time introduced, and lately lighting in addition, and a town hall was erected at an expense of 4,000*l.* a few years back, so that the place is now reckoned a sort of second county town—a Glasgow to an Edinburgh. A chapel of ease was erected about ten years ago at East Hyde, one of the hamlets, and perhaps more might be indicated as desirable, as the parish, which extends from Toddington, Beds, to Herts, contains the very large amount of 17,000 acres, and from an old record stating that the vicar had the tithes of all the chapels, there must have formerly been several. At the Domesday survey there must have been much forest, probably in the southern part, as the northern is now marshy, there being parings for two thousand bogs. The tolls of the market were then valued at 8*l.*, also a great sum for the period. The river Lea runs through the parish, rising in the neighbouring one of Houghton Regis, and has a tolerably long course to the Thames, near Barking.

Perhaps it is to be regretted that Bedfordshire, always respectable and now sufficiently populous, has not been able to get up a history of itself. The writer may speak less problematically of his own regret that scarcely any sympathy should have been given to the misfortunes of a person (himself) who has done more to illustrate it than any one in the present century, except Lyons. For a county history, however, where there is not sufficient prospect for individual risk, he proposed the following